

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper*.



"FIFTY POUNDS, STAUNCY, AND THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE 'ARIADNE,' WHEN SHE IS LAUNCHED."

## CAPTAIN STAUNCY'S VOW.

### CHAPTER I.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four, there stood on the old quay at Appledore—a maritime village in the north of Devon—a sombre looking abode of respectability, with an air of faded greatness about it, which towered above its more humble neighbours, and commanded an unbroken view of the so-called "Pool."

That self-same "Pool" is not unworthy of notice; for there the tidal waters of the Torridge and the Taw form a spacious basin, in which shipping of no mean ton-

nage may swim and swing. It is there that those waters assume the hue and mimic the mien of their capricious step-mother, the ocean, becoming greener and more wavy; and when the old lady, rushing in over Bideford Bar, takes these children in her arms, the swelling and dancing, and splashing of that pool in the pride of its heart, is beyond all common belief. It is there, too, that, having parted company for a time, and sailed miles into the country, they return again, and, bidding their tidal convoy farewell for a season, allow her to glide out by the side of the Burrows, until she joins once more with the Atlantic in Bideford Bay.

## CAPTAIN STAUNCY'S VOW.

There are not a few who leave smoky cities, and breezless plains, and monotonous landscapes, during the summer months, for sea-side air and scenery; and to such we would say, Search out this meeting of the waters. Make acquaintance with North Devon, and pay your respects to Northam, the birth-place and the resting-place of that valiant adventurous knight, Sir Amyas Leigh. Run down from thence to the Burrows, with its thousand acres of greensward like a bowling-green, studded with grazing cattle, and fenced by a long sea wall of innumerable pebbles, beyond which is a strand that would amaze Ilfracombe or Weston. Inhale there the strong sea breezes fresh up from the Atlantic. Walk fearlessly out into the surf, to meet the breakers rolling majestically, and harmless withal as the ripples on a mill-pond. Creep over the slaty rocks with seaweed strewed, surveying thence the frowning head of Hartland, or the burnt turf slopes and beetling cliffs of Ballyg, and you will meet with marine enjoyments which few of the more fashionable resorts have ever dreamt of, and can never hope to supply.

In one of the front rooms of that sombre abode of respectability, sat the wealthiest and most renowned of Appledore's merchants—and then they were princes indeed. Mr. Phillipson was a shrewd and determined man. Descended from ancestors who had contributed much to the commercial prosperity of Devon, when Bideford was one of the most stirring and thriving of British trading ports, he inherited their business habits, their passion for speculation, their greed for gain, and consequently their remorseless rapacity; and, at the time of which we write, he was busily engaged in the American and Russian trade, which yielded him a handsome income. Though well educated, and accustomed to good society, his manners were anything but refined; and so rough and coarse was his language at times, that the common people honoured him with epithets not very flattering to his respectability. It was said by those who pretended to know, that he was a hard drinker. There were whispers, too, that he had so far departed from the line of rectitude as to traffic in contraband goods, and that some of his craft were in fact no better than out-and-out smugglers. These rumours, however, were attributed by all genteel inhabitants to the tongue of scandal; for true it is that evil speaking, lying, and slandering were very strong-handed in that maritime village. And so it came to pass that money and station did then, what they have always done, and will always do—stave off suspicion, make the possibility of crime a hard thing to be believed, and keep a fence around the character which it is next door to sacrifice to touch.

It was a winter morning. The fire, which burned brightly on the hearth, was clear and glowing as a frosty air could make it; and as the merchant gazed on the ruddy mass and flickering flame, he seemed absorbed in some dreamy reverie; but, recovering occasionally from the fit of abstraction into which his musings had thrown him, he cast his eyes hurriedly and anxiously on the papers that lay on the table before him.

His reverie was interrupted at the moment he had apparently come to some definite conclusion. A servant entered and announced that Captain Stauney wished to speak with him.

"Show him in," he said smartly, as though annoyed at being interrupted and intruded on just then; adding, in a more self-possessed tone, "See that no one is admitted whilst the Captain is here."

James Stauney entered, and a goodly specimen of a British tar was he. His manly, open, sunburnt coun-

tenance; his broad and strong built figure; his smart and jaunty air; his bold and sparkling eye; his spruce and expensive fittings, proclaimed him a worthy son of Neptune. Under other circumstances, and with opportunities more favourable, he would have become an extraordinary man. Generous and disinterested, brave and devoted, self-possessed and strong-minded, he would have stood out from and proved himself superior to his class. But his education had been scanty; and, having reached the quarter-deck through the hawse-hole, as the sailors express it; that is, having passed through all possible gradations, from the cabin boy to the captain, he had not been able to rub off the rough manners of early days, nor had he furnished his mind with any literature beyond that of the logbook. The habits and associations of the forecastle had marked him strongly; and the only wonder is, that, having passed through many a slough in his sailor's career, there was comparatively so little mire adhering to him. His moral code was for the most part comprised in one word, *duty*, comprehending fidelity to his employer and devotedness to his family; and faithfully must it be recorded, that he seldom felt much scruple about the means, provided the ends were "all right" in his estimation.

Having respectfully saluted his superior, he seated himself near the fire, at the request of the merchant, who, without giving him an immediate opportunity of explaining his errand, said, "You will join me, Mr. Stauney?" and, taking a bottle of brandy from the cupboard, he held it for a moment in his hand, reflectingly; then, raising it between his eye and the window, he smiled as he surveyed the brilliant liquor, and observed, "Here's something, captain, that never blushed at the face of a gauger: help yourself;" and he helped himself, remarking, as he smacked his lips, "Prime stuff for priming. Mr. Stauney, I'll warrant you. Captain," he added, evidently speaking out of the fulness of his heart, and continuing audibly what he had been revolving mentally, "the road to fortune is what we make it—long or short, broad or narrow. There is the long round-about turnpike road, and there is the short cut through brake and spinney. I was thinking about this just as you entered, and I should like to have your opinion. It strikes me that two words comprehend everything—work and wit: work is the turnpike—wit is the short cut."

"I don't know, Mr. Phillipson," replied the captain: "short cuts for a sailor are often dangerous things, and the fellows that I am acquainted with, who live by their wits, are a ragged lot, sure enough."

"Bah! you don't understand me; but you'll be wiser some day. I tell you what it is, Stauney: the higher up you get in life, the shorter the cuts are. Chances multiply as you run up the ladder. What is knavery amongst the poor at the bottom is 'unfortunate speculation,' or something of that sort, amongst the wealthy at the top; whilst all the way through, according to a graduated scale, artifice, or roguery if you like, changes both its name and its aspect. Dangerous at one end, it gradually becomes safer and safer; for, whilst it exposes the wits you speak of to a few lessons on the treadmill, it rewards the wits I speak of with the fawning homage of everybody. I would only observe," he added, helping himself at the same time, "that you and I are fools if we don't make our brains serve us as others do. And now, what is it?"

"I came air," replied Stauney, "to ask for orders, as we shall be ready to move off to-morrow morning. The men say that the vessel is bound to Jersey or Marseilles."

"Never mind what the men say," exclaimed the merchant; "there is gossip enough in this place to ballast a man-of-war. The 'Sarah Ann' is bound to a far more comfortable and profitable port."

"Anywhere you please, sir," said the captain, who had been accustomed for some time to receive orders at the last moment. "I am not particularly curious; and, indeed," he added, laughing, "it's part of my agreement, you know, to ask no questions, and do as I'm bid."

"Exactly so," Mr. Phillipson responded. "I do as I am bid by circumstances and chances; you do as you are bid by my honourable self; and, as I have always endeavoured to be faithful to my masters, so you have always been faithful to me."

"Thank you, sir," replied Stauney, evidently flattered. "I hope I know my duty;" and, preparing for himself a fresh potion, he added, "Long life to you, sir, and all the success you wish for."

"All the success I wish for, Stauney, is more than I can expect to secure; but you can help me, if you will, to a large slice of it. I have trusted you more than any man living."

"Mr. Phillipson," replied the captain, "all I say is, I've endeavoured to do my duty."

"You have, Stauney, and I'll make a man of you when you return from this voyage. You'll be able to sing 'With shiners in my sack' to some purpose."

"It'll be a short cut, then," answered the captain, who had often heard the same thing before, but whose love of money was keener than his sense of disappointment; "and maybe I shall get to the top of the ladder after all. I suppose we are bound for kegs, as usual?"

#### CHAPTER II.

By this time, the potency of their morning beverage began to betray itself. The merchant, no longer irresolute, put on the air of a determined man, ready to do the utmost bidding of his covetous spirit. And the captain, no longer calm and self-controlled, grew self-complacent, and, in the pride of his heart, felt brave and true enough to do anything.

"Kegs!" replied the governor, "no. The last was a poor speculation, and Lundy Cove is gorged enough by this time. I'm for a short cut, Mr. Stauney, a short cut; and, if I can only get a bold heart to help me, I'll go through with it."

"Here you are, then," exclaimed the captain. "A bold heart? It isn't much I fear. I should like to see what I wouldn't face. Why, I once ran for the bar with a king's ship at my heels, when it was blowing a gale of wind, and hardly half-tide on: when the bay was like a boiling caldron, and every wave sprinkled our topmast head. Twice we were on our beam ends; and, as we neared the south tail, a huge sea struck us, which cleaned our deck and carried away the rudder, leaving us to the mercy of the surge, which roared and hissed as it leapt around such daring prey. My heart feared nothing, however, and, by manoeuvring with the sails, we got safely through it, and reached the Pool. Then there was that affair in Cawsand Bay, when Heard, the vagabond, betrayed me, and I was taken on board the three-decker—"

"Say no more, Stauney," responded the merchant, interrupting him. "You have a heart bold enough, I know; but the courage you are thinking of is not exactly what I want just now. There are plenty who could be cool and resolute under such circumstances; but show me the man whose conscience is not governed by human laws, but by human rights: who, with such a conscience, can face the shame which the violation of those laws may

incur. Show me the man who, in a land where poverty is a crime and wealth a virtue, and where imposts are so levied as to oppress the class least able to bear them, has spirit enough to give the revenue the go-by rather than slave on, without the chance of doing what his heart tells him he ought to do, for himself and family."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the captain, wondering at the merchant's earnestness, and little suspecting his base design, in giving utterance to such atrocious sentiments; "our circumstances, you mean, must determine our duties, and not our one-sided laws. I should think I've courage enough to follow out that creed, any day."

"I believe it, captain, and I'll put you to the proof now: help yourself." Then rising from his chair and pacing the room, he continued, "The worst of a thing does not always appear at the first; but my scheme has this advantage, that you can see all its darkness, if there be any, at once. I want to improve the state of my pocket, and of yours too, Stauney, and nothing can be easier. The way of it is—" and then, approaching close to the captain, he whispered for a few moments in his ear.

The seaman compressed his lips and was silent, whilst the merchant continued to pace the room, ejaculating occasionally to himself, and waiting until his victim had taken in the idea.

"Fifty pounds, Stauney," he at length exclaimed: for he began to fear lest the captain's heart was misgiving him, and promptly stated a sum about which he had long haggled with himself an hour or so before; "fifty pounds and the quarter-deck of the 'Ariadne' when she is launched. A mushroom like that is not kicked up every day."

"The money is tempting, Mr. Phillipson, but the scheme is new. I don't see any bravery in it either."

"The less the bravery the less the risk, captain; and let the waves cast up what they may against smugglers, they will never tell tales after such a pretty funeral."

"Not likely, sir, not likely. Fifty pounds, you said, Mr. Phillipson. Well, I don't see why I shouldn't do as I'm bid, and ask no questions. Pay me down the money, and I'm at your service."

"I said," observed the merchant, "that the less the bravery, the less the risk; but you must remember that in my case the risk is considerable. I put myself completely into your hands, and must therefore secure myself by a pledge from you, if I secure you by paying down the money."

"What pledge do you want, sir?" said Stauney, colouring, and looking displeased. "One halter has been about our necks for many years, and I'm not the man to slip it, unless we can slip it together. Do you think I shall turn king's evidence?"

"No fear of that," said Mr. Phillipson, blandly. "I'm as sure of you as I am of myself. All I want you to do is, to promise that my name shall never be mentioned in the matter, come what may."

"Granted," said the captain; "I promise." "Stop, stop!" exclaimed the merchant, hurriedly: "let us do it regular—and make it what it ought to be."

"Anything you like," responded the captain. "What I say I mean. I'll pledge my life if you will." And then, by a solemn vow, the blinded and seduced sailor bound himself never to divulge the name of his tempter, imprecating fearful judgments on himself if he violated his promise. "I am satisfied," said the merchant. "Here's the

money, Stauney, and now all you have to do is, to whistle for a breeze."

A gust of wind that moment rushing through the passage, shrieked into the key hole. The fire cracked and flared with intense excitement. The merchant's dog, which had lain quietly under the table, gave one short bark, and one long howl: and so they separated.

#### BETTWYS-Y-COED AND ITS ARTIST LIFE.

##### I.

"AND where," says my untravelled reader, "where is Bettws-y-Coed?" Bettws-y-Coed, gentle reader, is one of the most picturesque spots in the United Kingdom—so say artists and tourists. It is a little village in Caernarvonshire; its nearest market-town, which is Llanrwst, is about four miles off, and the place itself is a valley among mountains. It is not, like Llanberis, situated in the very midst of dark frowning mountains, which, though grand, are gloomy. The mountains are mostly a little farther off, and the lofty hills immediately around Bettws are not like Snowdon and the Glyders, which cast each its mile of shadow. Some of its hills are lofty green slopes, rich in August with golden furze and purple heather. Some are covered thickly with woods of oak, mingled here and there with ash or birch, and having their pathways fringed with wild flowers.

Higher up we see the woods of dark pine trees, whose tall tops sometimes hold the cloud-wreath, but in sunshine they let in the light of the sky to the pleasant pathways among them. They stand too thickly to allow of any undergrowth of wild flowers, though rich scarlet funguses dotted with ivory, and white, or yellow, or brown, or black funguses revel in their shade. Barren crags stand among the trees, and mountain streams wind down, in soft music, to reach the dashing river below. Far away stretch lofty grey rocks, with sharp edges, or rounded by the chemistry of Nature, clad in richer amethyst hues than the painter's hand has ever expressed, and in richness of heather and furze, contrasting well with the mountain of Moel Garmon, which may be seen from every part of the village, and which we used to call the Bald Mountain, because its grey sides were mostly bare of verdure, though the atmosphere and passing clouds often clothed it in delicate but bright hues. From the summits of these hills could be seen the lofty mountains of the Snowdon range, which could not be seen from the village.

Then there are the rivers, the loud brawling rivers, which dash over the stones, and one of which, the Llugwy, runs by the village, making wild or soft music by night and day. Bettws may be said to have three other rivers; for the Conway flows round one part of it, joining the Llugwy at a few minutes' walk from the village, and the Ledwr and Machno, which are also tributaries to the Conway, are within a walk. When looking down from the lofty hills, we see that each river flows through a separate valley, each valley having a character of its own, while every river has in its course numerous waterfalls, and is spanned by rustic bridges, mostly grey with the time-stains of centuries.

The first aspect of Bettws is very amusing, for the whole place seems given up to artists. Every nook has its sketching tent, or its artist sitting beneath the shade of the large white umbrella. You pass a wall, and suddenly an artist with his portfolio leaps over it—you look down a green lane, and there sits another. You glance at the rocks in the very midst of a river, and a sketcher is there; you walk over the bridge, or seek refuge from

a shower of rain beneath its arches, and there you see whole groups of artists and amateur painters. You pass through the village on a wet day, and in the room of the hotel, or at the cottage window, you behold the easel and the picture. Wander away to look at the falls of any of the rivers; seek some quiet glen of beauty among the mountains; climb their very summits, but the artist is there before you. The people of Bettws have learned to respect them, and are not alarmed by their large hats and long beards, and weather-beaten clothing. They give them hearty welcome, and are not like an English cottager, who, being asked by one of these artists if she had apartments to let, replied, "No, and I can't bear fruimers."

It may be now forty-five years since the late great painter, David Cox, first took up his residence in this little village; and for forty years he regularly visited this spot—some of his well-known pictures representing portions of the landscape around. Even now, when David Cox has departed—when the place that once knew him shall know him no more for ever—even yet he seems the presiding genius of Bettws. There are some little green isles on the Llugwy, where a hermit might have lived in calm seclusion, which are still known by the name of Cox's Preserves; and at Capel Curig, about four miles off, are some stones among which he sat, which are yet called Cox's Pulpit. The "Royal Oak," once a small wayside inn, but now a good sized hotel, had for its sign a painting of an oak tree, by David Cox; and, though but a hastily dashed-off sketch, yet its broad touches show the hand of a master. For many years this picture, framed and glazed, stood above the entrance door of the inn, but, now placed in a gilded frame, surrounded by thick interlacing oak boughs, and surmounted by a palette and pencils, it ornaments the chief room of the hotel, and near it hangs a portrait of the thoughtful face of the great artist.

"Twenty years ago," said an intelligent cottager to me, "but few persons knew Bettws, except those who came through it by coach, on their way to or from Caernarvon; but within the last five years it has filled wonderfully, and I think that more than a thousand pictures must have been painted here." On naming this to one who resides here every summer, he said he thought so too; and added, that after his long knowledge of the neighbourhood, he believed its subjects to be inexhaustible; for there were many grand and lovely pieces of landscape that had never yet been painted. One of our most eminent artists, who this summer spent a few days in the village, said he had never seen greater beauty of form and colour, and added, that as he passed through this scenery, many a little spot on which he came seemed familiar to him from his having seen it before in a picture. I saw myself, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy last year, no less than seven pictures which I had seen in the course of progress at Bettws during the previous summer; and the exhibitions of this summer will probably not be wanting in pictures from this neighbourhood; for, besides a number of less known and younger painters, there were gathered there Witherington, John Raven, Lupton, Davidson, Topham, and Reed; while Birket Foster, and Charles Knight, and Whaite, were about four miles off.

The little village itself consists of two hotels and a few stone houses, built originally for labourers' cottages. One by one, these little dwellings have added to themselves another story, or a few rooms built out beyond, and they now form small but comfortable homes for visitors. In proportion, however, as Bettws has improved in comfort, it has lost in the picturesque; and

cottages, which some summers since had roofs glowing in all the gay colours of flowers, now look gray and sober, and simply respectable. Here and there, a cottage remains where flowers and ferns wave over its summit, growing among the crevices of its slates. One roof this year, was so completely overrun with the fern called the common polypody, that we named it the Fernery. And an old unused chimney in the very midst of the village has still a thick hedge of the same graceful plant. Others are covered with that stonecrop (*Sedum Anglicum*), the English stonecrop, as it is called, but which is the very commonest flower in North Wales, crowding its delicate white stars, with their pink anthers, on every old wall, or stone, or rock, while over them all tower yellow hawkweeds and golden stonecrops. One most romantic cottage, having a mill-wheel, and standing down by a stream which rushes through a flowery meadow, has often furnished a scene for a picture, and has been again and again seen in the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. This little mill is for preparing the woollen yarn of which the Welsh make their stuffs and knit their stockings; and on its roof cluster the white and red stonecrops, and houseleeks, and yellow hawkweeds and ferns; while in addition to these, there waves such a quantity of fine bent grass (*Agrostis vulgaris*), the flowers of which are of rich pale purple, and so slender and delicate, that as one looked at it from below, it seemed like a thin haze of purple vapour over the house-top. So full was this roof of a luxuriant vegetation, during the rainy summer of 1860, that a well-known artist said to me, "Were I to paint that roof in all its details, no one living in the Southern or Midland counties of England would believe that such a roof existed."

The inhabitants of Bettws-y-coed are said to number about 700; and when on Sunday we see how full the little church is of English visitors, we can appreciate a common village proverb, that nobody knows where all Bettws sleeps. The visitors who remain here are chiefly artists and their families; gentlemen who come for the sake of fishing; and a few who, really loving the grand and beautiful in nature, stay for the sake of the scenery. It is no place of fashionable resort; there is no possibility of shopping for the ladies, and the faded bonnets give evidence at once of the out-door life, and of the limited resources of the village. The beautiful river Llugwy, as it runs past the houses, murmurs its soft tones most musically. In rainy seasons it rushes down with amazing rapidity to join the Conway, forming at times a loud roaring torrent, and overflowing the green meadows by its side; while in unusually dry seasons the water is so shallow, that one can walk over the bed of the river by stepping from stone to stone. In the very midst of the village stands the bridge, which crosses it, called Pont-y-Pair. An old grey rugged-looking bridge it is, overhung on one side with masses of ivy, and brightened at all parts by many wild flowers and clumps of fern, its side arches resting on rugged masses of precipitous rocks, which serve as natural piers. It was built in 1468, by a native mason named Howel, though he did not live to see it completed. Of its four arches one only spans the river, which comes foaming down over the huge rugged rocks that intercept its current, just above the bridge, forming, especially after rain, a most magnificent fall of water. The arches which rest on the rocks, as well as the stones and crags standing about the bridge, are the resort of artists and amateur painters. I have often thought, when I have sat at this spot—which we had jokingly designated the art-school—how true is the opinion that the love of nature

and art is likely to exercise a kindly influence on its possessor. Frequently have I seen some eminent artist leave his easel and brush, and, precious as I knew every hour of daylight to be to him, have seen him glance at the drawings of amateurs, give some friendly hint or word of encouragement, perhaps some magic touch of his pencil to the picture, of one who seemed honestly endeavouring to paint what he saw, though sometimes I have smiled to see the puzzled look of some young sketcher, who was told to observe that there were six distances to be discovered in a clump of trees. Of some drawings made there, one might have expected that the artist's advice would have been that all should be wiped away with a sponge; but no, a kinder and more patient expression of opinion was given perchance, than by one who could not paint at all. Perhaps the skilled eye of the painter discovered, among errors and shortcomings, some gleam of promise; or perchance his genius made him humble, as genius often does, not from the feeling of its own want of power to execute, but from the consciousness that that power was attained only through many failures, and that even yet, coming so far beneath his own ideal, he has compassion for those who cannot reach their own standard of excellence, so far lower though it be than his own. "I always feel dissatisfied with my pictures," said a great artist to me, "while I compare them with nature; and at no time can I feel satisfied with them, though I feel less pained by their deficiencies when I have been for some time removed from the actual landscape which I strove to copy." "Nature has been too much for me to-day," said another, as at the close of a day's work he washed out all he had done; and I could then readily understand how such a person could be full of pity for those who strove in vain.

The painter who looked for the first time on the river, from the bridge of Pont-y-Pair, might well pause to consider which of two scenes of beauty he should choose for his landscape. On one side is the cataract, where the river, running past a little island of fir trees, comes tumbling over the lichen-stained rocks, with such bold commotion that some of the villagers call this spot by Welsh words, which signify boiling caldron. Over and over come the waters, cresting the dark rocks with snowy lights and yellowish-green shadows; then, pouring through the arch, the dark brownish-green waters glide smoothly down on the other side of the bridge, reflecting the sycamores, firs, and ash trees which grow on the green banks, till again troubled by the stones which lie in the bed of the river, just as it turns a corner of the road. Pictures of the scene on either side of the bridge can be made beneath the dry arches, which serve as shelter in sun and rain; while on the bridge itself the artist can see nearly the same prospects and can rest his picture on the parapet. No wonder that, with all its beauties and all its conveniences, the scenery about Pont-y-Pair is sketched by artists of all degrees of power, who portray it in every style of brush and pencil, in water colour or in oil painting, in every aspect of cloud or sunshine, of the bright light of noonday or the soft and lengthened shadows of summer twilight. Perchance some reader may be reminded of picture or photograph of the spot; for we, in our short experience of two summers, must have seen more than fifty sketches, more or less truthful, of the beautiful waters of the Llugwy, as they were interrupted here in their peaceful wanderings through the village of Bettws.

Some of our landscape painters execute their work with great rapidity; many paint very deliberately. Each artist, too, has a way of his own in painting. One

man will make a hasty coloured sketch of a scene, taking notes meanwhile on the margin of his picture, or in his note-book, of certain aspects of Nature, and the effects of light or shadow and colour. Others make not only slight sketches, but even a considerable painting, which they copy and work out leisurely; and we have seen crayon cartoons for pictures, executed with such care and completeness, that a finished engraving might have been made from them. Other artists have said in conversation, that their own particular temperament would not allow this; that they felt that they must throw all their energy at once into the picture; and that, if they made a sketch first, they could not draw afterwards so heartily, for they would have lost their strongest impressions. Certain it is that by living so much out of doors—by looking on Nature with loving and observing eyes—a wondrous knowledge and memory is attained, of even fleeting aspects of clouds, or atmospheric effects. It is said of Turner that he never liked to paint out of doors: that he learned by heart, as it were, the scene on which he looked and which he wished to portray; and we know that from his very boyhood he had lingered for whole days looking on ships, or sea, or sky, or cloud, or trees. The true landscape painter must have studied much in this way, while all know that for pictures of a different kind, much thought and reading are required. When Rosa Bonheur was about to paint her great picture of the Cattle Fair, she disguised herself and spent much time in a stable, that she might study horses in all their forms and attitudes. When Henry Wallace would paint the picture which at once made him so celebrated, *The Death of Chatterton*, he went down to Bristol and passed his time in the neighbourhood of the old church of St. Mary Redcliffe. He sought to impress on his mind the scene where the sad tragedy of the young poet's death occurred; and when that picture appeared at the Manchester Exhibition, a crowd was around it all day long. John S. Raven's fine picture of the Upper Valley of the Conway, exhibited by the Royal Academy, was not painted till he had lived for some years among the mountains of North Wales, and had watched from sunrise to sunset the ever varying conditions of mountain scenery. Truly indeed did Ruskin say, that there is no effect of sky possible in the lowlands, which may not in equal perfection be seen among the hills; but there are effects there, by tens of thousands, for ever invisible to lowlands. "The new familiarity with the clouds, gained by walking among them and above them," he truly says, "alters our whole conceptions;" and he speaks with delight of the beauty to be seen in a single cloud-wreath, passing up an avenue of pines, or pausing among the points of their fringe; and of the wild breaking of troublous seas of clouds against the crags. Holman Hunt could never have painted so truthfully that notable picture of the Saviour in the Temple, had he not spent five years at Jerusalem seeing the effects of its atmosphere, imbibing as it did the whole spirit of the scene. Of one thing we may rest assured, that no great picture, no great and lasting work of any kind, can be done without patient endurance, without self-denial, and without disappointed feelings that the accomplishment is even yet so below the conception of the doer. No; work is work, all the world over; and far more thus is it in our moral and spiritual efforts; for, which of us ever learned one deep lesson—which of us ever conquered one vain habit—which of us ever strove successfully against any temptation to sin, or in any way overcame the love of the world—but by striving daily, and by earnest prayer for strength to strive yet more and more.

These out-of-door pictures of mountain scenery are not always made without danger, especially when artists pitch their tents, as they often do, on the stepping-stones in the midst of any of the rivers, or amid the crags which surround the waterfalls. From one of these rocks an artist one day saw his tent, with the picture in it, sliding down into the river, and, striving to seize it, he found himself suddenly in the very midst of a whirling cataract. Holding his treasure fast with one hand, he was swept onwards, till, coming by a large mass of stones, he contrived to rest himself upon it, and after awhile got off safely to a larger rock. It sometimes happens that the streams which pour down the hill-sides become, after a long continuance of rain, rapid torrents. When the rain has fallen on the hills on both sides the river, and when two of these mountain torrents meet and unite, they form a large wave above the surface of the stream; and this wave has been known on the Conway to be four or five feet high. Away it rolls with great rapidity, tearing down all before it. An artist who was painting on the stepping-stones of one of the rivers, had been warned of this danger; but, believing the account to be exaggerated, he pursued his work, till suddenly he heard a noise like an explosion, and the wave came rolling around. He was carried down the river for more than a hundred yards, when, catching by the roots of some trees, his life was saved, though he lost his picture.

#### THE TALE OF A WEST-END SUBURB.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.

IV.

PORING over records, we have a light here and there thrown on the great historical tale of our country. We catch a glimpse of the Reformation in an old document among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. It appears that the curate of Kensington, in 1527, was charged with having in his possession two books, one full of the Lutheran heresy, the other, "The New Testament, translated by William Hechym and brother Roy." This was Tyndale's version, which had lately come over to England, and was producing great excitement. The precious volume had found its way to Kensington; the parish priest had studied it, and was opening his mind to the teaching of Martin Luther. Accordingly he was cited to appear at St. Paul's Cathedral before the Vicar-General, and there required to make oath that he would not retain the books any longer, nor sell them, nor lend them, nor form acquaintance with any person suspected of heresy. He was forbidden to stay in London more than one day and night, or to come within four miles of it for the space of two years. This was, in fact, the forfeiture of his curacy, and banishment from his parish; and it is an honour to Kensington that it can rank among its ministers a confessor in the cause of reformation.

But we must hasten to glance at the parish books. Old parochial records are interesting; the writing sometimes with difficulty decipherable, the uncouth letters and spelling, the known or unknown names, the entries of little trifling incidents—what reality and life they give to our knowledge of the past! We have never felt nearer to the men of by-gone generations than when poring over old parchment and paper books, in which some clergyman, parish clerk, or churchwarden, some town clerk, or other functionary, has recorded particular events or set down items of public expenditure. For example, in 1647 there is this entry in the Register of Baptism: "John and William, sons of Colonel John Lambert, of Calton,

27 Sept., by Mr. Byard, parson of Wheldrake, at Sir William Lister's House of Coldhearn." Here, then, is one of the great men of the Commonwealth, no friend of Cromwell's—a great actor after his death—the man who was banished to Jersey, and spent thirty years in a prison cultivating and painting flowers; here he is bringing his two boys to the baptismal font in the private house of one Sir William Lister, Mr. Byard, a Puritan parson, performing the solemnity; a year after there is the record of a daughter's baptism. Running the eye over many names of ignoble persons we see in them all mementoes of old domestic life, with its pains and joys, hopes and fears. Their names of lustre now and then occur, and here is one destined to be illustrious: "1714, Charles, son of Mr. John, and Mrs. Eliz. Pratt, 21st March." Mr. Pratt was an eminent lawyer, within four years of becoming Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. What is the little baby, so prettily dressed in white and looking so cozy in the nurse's arms to be? Why, none other than Earl Camden, one of the most distinguished of the Lord High Chancellors of England. We wonder whether Mrs. Pratt, as she kissed his downy cheek, dreamt of that.

Now turn to the Register of Marriages. What have we here? "1653, Mr. Henry Cromwell and Elizabeth Russell, 10th May." And who was Henry Cromwell? None other than Oliver's fourth son, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who had at the time of this entry a house in Kensington, just on the edge of Brompton—the house called after him. The locality of the marriage ceremony we can hardly determine; but perhaps it was at Cromwell House, by special licence. Henry Cromwell had been rather gay, but he became reformed, and was much esteemed by all parties for his honourable character. "Col. Henry Cromwell, your son," says an Irish minister, writing to the Protector, "to my great rejoicing, it hath pleased God, I am persuaded, to begin a work of grace in his soul. I have had great encouragement that the word of God takes effect upon him; he hath had inward temptations in his soul, and many words of grace made comfortable and precious." A blessed thing it is for all to be what Henry Cromwell is here described as being. Nothing is there here to laugh at, but much to reverence, and to pray for, that we know it in our own experience a work of grace. The word of God taking effect, inward temptations overcome, and his words comfortable and precious! Very blessed is all that, and suggestive of personal inquiry and self-examination. This letter was written four years before Henry Cromwell's marriage at Kensington to Elizabeth Russell.

Dip into the parish books—look at these entries. "Gave to the ringers, when the news came of Argyle's being routed and taken, 3s. 6d." What light that throws on the interest the Kensington folks then took in passing events, and how they sympathized in the cruel Stuart policy, and could exult in the capture and anticipated execution of that virtuous and heroic protestant nobleman. It is rather inconsistent with this to find these entries just afterwards: "Collected for the poor suffering protestants £175 12s. 9d.;" and again, "£171 2s.;" and again, "Collected for the relief of the protestant families retired into Switzerland, from the persecutions raised against them in France and Savoy, £21 6s. 9d.;" and then, "for the Irish," first, "£39 5s." and next, "£30 7s. 6d." What a beautiful insight, however, that gives into charitable dispositions and noble sympathies. Then again, how do the bells ring on May 2, 1690, when William Reynolds paid the ringers 12s., because news had come of the victory obtained by William III over the Irish at and near the Boyne. "Paid the ringers, when the news came of

Limerick's being taken, and was false 1s. 6d."—that was enough to pay for a fib; again, "Paid, when the *true news* came," not to the ringers, but "for faggots for a bonfire at Little Chelsea, and for drink 1s." Another incident! how like the Kensington people were then to the English people now! How the entry reminds us of the false report and the vain joy at the beginning of the Russian war, when it was announced that Sebastopol had fallen. Plenty of items for ringing the bells occur; and there are others rather touching. "Paid for a truss of straw, for a poor soldier, 4d." "Paid for a bushel of coals, for a poor family, 1s. 2d." "Paid to the High Constable for maimed soldiers, £1 6s." "Paid the bearers to bring a poor woman to church, that died in old Dixon's barn, 3s." Then what a merry picture is suggested by reading, "1691, paid Francis Clark, for watching the trees in the churchyard on May day, that they should not be cut, 2s. 6d." The Kensington boys and girls loved to go a maying, and we dare say had a maypole round which they danced, and no doubt had committed depredations in previous years, which led the churchwardens to take this precaution. But we must draw to a close. We are fond of antiquities, fond of old houses, fond of old books, fond of old things, but we have no sympathy with the dry-as-dust tribe; our antiquarianism has in it a large element of the sentimental, and we cannot look at old things without regarding them as symbolic, and suggestive of many other things beyond themselves.

We began by noticing the blue clay, and the gravel which is under our feet, unchanged as in the days of the Conqueror, the Danes, the Saxons, the Romans, the Britons. But over it what changes!—in vegetation, in trees and fields, in agriculture and buildings, in laws and governments, in customs and men. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever." We never look on old human things without being reminded of the older age of divine things, and of the eternity of Him who abideth for evermore, who is the Alpha and Omega, the foundation of all existence, sustaining and comprehending all, besetting nature and humanity behind and before—pervading his works, yet never to be confounded with his works.

We have been looking into old houses, peopling them again with their ancient occupants, thinking of those who once lived as we do, and ate, and drank, and slept, and worked, and thought, and sorrowed, and rejoiced, like ourselves. And where are they all now? Living as truly as they ever did—living somewhere in God's great universe—living where they reap the harvest of their mortal sowing-time—a heap in the day of grief and desperate sorrow, or sheaves of immortal glory. And we all are following them to one or the other of these two states.

And the old inhabitants made Kensington what we find it. Their heads are now low who built Holland and Camden Houses, the palace, and the church. The architectural is a type of the social, political, and moral. What Kensington is, what London is, what England is, what the world is, we should estimate as the result of that which went on for ages before we were born. The child is father to the man, and the earlier centuries are the parents of the later ones. And all this has been going on, not by chance, or by iron necessity, but under a true and mighty and gracious Providence. Society is ever being educated in the earth's great school-room, and God is the teacher—teaching by the coloured pictures of nature—by the diagrams of revealed truth, by the reading books of past time, and by the discipline of a constant providence. What are we learning from this? Are we

improving the culture? Do we heed the examples and profit by the warnings in the transient lives of our ancestors? Do we use them as illustrations of the book of God's word, which liveth and abideth for ever?

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### THE EARL OF ELGIN.

The family name of the Earl of Elgin is Bruce, and he claims descent from that warlike sovereign, whose victory at Bannockburn, in Scotland, restored the monarchy and secured the independence of his country. We go further back to the days of William the Conqueror, with whom a Robert de Bruce came from Normandy. After the conquest, this "follower" became a wealthy baron in Yorkshire, where he possessed himself of the castle and manor of Skelton, with Hert and Hertness in the bishopric of Durham. Considerable as these territorial acquisitions were, they seem to have formed only the nucleus round which greater possessions were to accumulate: for, before the close of the reign of the Conqueror, we find that in Yorkshire he held no fewer than ninety-four lordships. His son inherited his name, and, being of a gay and gallant spirit, he was enabled by his wealth to make a considerable figure at the court of Henry I, where he formed an intimacy with Prince David of Scotland, brother-in-law to the English monarch. This intimacy was subsequently the means of enhancing still further the possessions of the family of Bruce; for when the Scottish prince, as David I, came to the throne, in 1124, he conferred upon Bruce the lordship of Annandale, with other large estates in the south of Scotland. The importance of the family was now completely established and widely acknowledged; but although it attained to the sovereignty of Scotland in the person of Robert I, its royalty was not destined to be perpetuated. On the death of the patriot king, Robert, he was succeeded by his son, David II, who, however, in 1371, closed an inglorious reign without issue, and in him and his cousin, Sir John Bruce of Exton, terminated the royal male line of Bruce.

Thomas Bruce, the third baron, and son of Sir Edward Bruce, of Kinloss, was the first earl, whose creation dates from 1633. The honour was conferred, perhaps as much on account of the merits of his father, as on account of any which he himself possessed. In 1600, Sir Edward, with the Earl of Mar, was accredited by James VI to the court of Queen Elizabeth, to congratulate her Majesty on the suppression of the rebellion of the Earl of Essex. An opportunity was thus given him of closely ingratiating himself with his sovereign, and making his own fortune. Accordingly, he placed the affairs of his royal master in such a train with Secretary Cecil, as to pave the way for a peaceable succession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. Upon his return to his native country, he was created a peer of Scotland, and subsequently accompanied King James to England, where, on the accession of that monarch, he was sworn of his privy council, and constituted Master of the Rolls for life. He was now completely in favour, and the earldom conferred on his son has been perpetuated to our own time.

The present earl was born in 1811. He is the eldest son of the last earl, who, while ambassador at Constantinople, collected and brought to England those classical remains which are now known as the "Elgin Marbles." They were mostly taken from the Acropolis at Athens, between the years 1801 and 1812, and were, by an Act of the British legislature, purchased for the sum of £35,000, and deposited in the great national

museum. The cost of these remains to his lordship are said to have been £74,000. He died in 1841.

Lord Elgin was educated at Eton, and at Christchurch, Oxford, where, in 1833, he graduated M.A. as a first class in classical honours. After having finished his education, he gave himself up to the study of politics, and in 1841 was elected Member of Parliament for Southampton; but, his father dying in November of the same year, he succeeded to the family honours. His first appointment was to the governorship of Jamaica, where for four years his administrative abilities were distinguished by temper, judgment, and sagacity. His immediate predecessor was Sir Charles Metcalf, whose conciliatory and wise measures he continued to carry out, and whose retirement from the government of the island was a subject of deep regret to the colonists. So general was this feeling, that they commemorated his administration by forming a new parish, which they named after him. The resignation of a governor so greatly beloved, rendered the duties of Lord Elgin more onerous; but he succeeded in making himself popular, and strenuously laboured to sustain the interests and develop the resources of the island.

In 1846 he was chosen to succeed Lord Cathcart, with a salary of £7000 a-year, in the governor-generalship of Canada, and the advent of his arrival in that country was hailed with joy by many of its population. The success with which he had governed Jamaica was known, and he did not suffer a long period to elapse before he made it evident to the Canadians that his policy would be characterized by the same temper, firmness, and enlightened views which had hitherto marked it, and which soon rendered him correspondingly popular. The principles of a representative system and self-government had been previously recommended by the Earl of Durham, and to these Lord Elgin was attached. They therefore became measures of his own adoption, and, whilst steadily pursuing them, he preserved a dignified neutrality amidst the extremes of contending parties, by which the colony was at this period fiercely agitated. As the best mode of preserving his position, and at the same time promoting Canadian interests, he devoted much of his energy to the development of the commercial and agricultural resources of the province, with an especial reference to the export of its manufactures. The colonists soon became warmly attached to his government, which was such as to secure for him the good opinion of more than one ministry in the mother country. In 1849 he received an English peerage—a dignity not undeserved when we consider that his Canadian policy obtained the practical sanction of no fewer than six Secretaries of State for the colonies. On his return to England, in 1854, he had the lord-lieutenancy of Fifeshire conferred upon him, and was entertained at a grand banquet, at which men of every shade of politics assembled to do him honour.

In 1857, when the proceedings of Sir John Bowring in China, had given rise to a great deal of discussion both in and out of Parliament, the government of Lord Palmerston selected Lord Elgin to proceed to that country as plenipotentiary at the court of Pekin. In this capacity he was invested with full powers to settle the dispute which then subsisted between the Imperial court and the British, and it would have been difficult to have found a diplomatist better adapted for effectually carrying out the objects in view. In commenting on this appointment, the "Times" says, "It would not be easy to name a more unexceptionable man for the office, or even one with so many positive recommendations. Lord Elgin performed, with admirable tact and entire



THE EARL OF ELGIN.

success, the task of conducting Canada, from being governed by cliques and imperial influences, to that system of self-government which has rendered the provinces of British America an honour, and even a support, to the British throne instead of a scandal and a thorn in her side. He also successfully negotiated the treaty of reciprocity of trade between British America and the United States." These are highly complimentary passages, but, notwithstanding, it is generally acknowledged that he discharged the delicate and, as some thought, impossible, task of converting Canadian rebels into British royalists without the slightest sacrifice of imperial dignity. The accomplishment of this difficult duty

was marked by so much judgment, and had been effected with so much tact and temper, that his popularity was no longer restricted merely to the immediate scene of his government, but extended across the frontier, where, by the citizens of the adjacent States, ovations were offered to him.

In July 1857 he arrived at Hong-Kong. At Singapore he was met by the news of the great Indian mutiny; and part of the force which had been destined to operate in China, was, at the request of Lord Canning, diverted from its route and sent to Calcutta. Lord Elgin himself soon followed with additional troops, and the objects of the Chinese expedition dwindled down to insignificance

when compared with the interests at stake on the banks of the Ganges. He did not return to Hong-Kong till the end of autumn, and it was not till the beginning of December, that he found himself sufficiently secure to enter vigorously into matters with the Chinese. He then, in conjunction with Baron Gros, the French plenipotentiary, carried out his instructions. Canton was bombarded, the "celestial" Commissioner Yeh made a prisoner, and by the decision of Lord Elgin, sent on board her Majesty's ship "Inflexible," as a state captive. This functionary was afterwards transported in the same ship to Calcutta, where he was detained until the conclusion of a treaty of peace with the Emperor of China. After the capture of Canton, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros lost no time in communicating to the Court of Pekin the demands which they were prepared to insist upon; and on June 4th, 1858, commissioners from the Emperor were deputed to meet Lord Elgin, which they accordingly did in a joss-house, a little to the south of Tien-sien. This interview was highly interesting. "The Chinese," says the "Times" correspondent, "were civil and ceremonious, and after tea and compliments, Kwei-liang opened the Durbar by saying that his imperial master had received Lord Elgin's letter, and had, instead of answering it, deputed his servants to arrange matters speedily. Lord Elgin replied that he was glad to see the imperial ministers, and that his Queen had granted him certain powers to arrange all matters on a safe and proper footing. He added, that he was prepared to show his credentials publicly, if the imperial commissioners would do likewise. The mandarins assenting, Lord Elgin's powers were produced, and a Chinese translation was read aloud by Mr. Wade. The ministers were eager in their attention, and a troop of secretaries and clerks, who had been taking notes in the back-ground, pressed forward to the table. There was evidently more surprise than pleasure produced by the ample terms of the document. It was now Kwei-liang's turn to show the commission under which he and his brother commissioner were to act. A piece of yellow waxed cloth was first produced, by a very intelligent young mandarin, called 'Pien,' sub-prefect of some district in Chi-li. Kwei-liang received it most reverentially, held it above his head for a moment, then opened it and took from it a very scruffy bit of paper, which he handed to Mr. Wade. While Mr. Wade read off in English the contents of this paper, the scene was as dramatic as a Chinese sing-song. Every mandarin's eye was slyly watching the expression of Lord Elgin's face, and as that expression grew more and more severe as the reading progressed, exclamations were interjected by Kwei-liang, 'Such powers as Lord Elgin possesses are unknown in China!' 'Seals are never attached to commissions in China!' and so on. The nature of the powers delegated to the mandarins were not such as met the expectations of Lord Elgin; accordingly, when the document had been read, he rose and ordered his chair to be brought, saying to Kwei-liang, in a curt manner, that the powers of the imperial commissioners were unsatisfactory. The Earl's chair was hurried up, the guard presented arms, the band played 'God save the Queen,' the staff entered their chairs, and the mandarins were left making speeches to demonstrate that it was quite impossible that they could ever receive larger powers than those they had just opened." Notwithstanding this curious and ludicrous scene, however, the conditions demanded were conceded, and Lord Elgin proceeded to Japan.

The object of his lordship's visit to this country was to endeavour to obtain from its government a treaty which should throw open its ports to British commerce,

and enable our merchants to participate in advantages similar to those which the Dutch have so long enjoyed in trading with the Japanese. His excuse for entering the Japanese waters was, that he had brought a steam-yacht from the Queen of England as a present to the Emperor, and by this liberal and friendly kind of introduction, he availed himself of the opportunity it gave him to accomplish the objects he had in view. He reached the port of Nagasaki on the 3rd of August, and there found that everything Japanese strikingly contrasted with everything Chinese. A writer who accompanied the expedition says, "You cannot be five minutes in Japan without seeing that it is a progressive nation: the country towns, houses and people all show this. The streets are wide, and paved in the centre; houses open throughout in the ground floor, with matting formed in frames, fitting neatly all over the rooms. On this they sit, sleep, and eat, and everything is kept scrupulously clean. Behind each house is a small garden, with a few green shrubs, and occasionally a fine tree. Cleanliness is a great characteristic of the Japanese, and it is curious that while some of their customs are such as we would consider extremely barbarous, they have, in certain branches of science, attained to a knowledge which it has taken natives of Europe hundreds of years to arrive at. At Nagasaki they can turn out of the yard an engine for a railway or a steamer; Japanese captains and engineers command their men-of-war, of which three are steamers; they understand the electric telegraph; they make thermometers, barometers, theodolites, and, it is said, aneroids. Their spy-glasses and microscopes are good, and very cheap. They have a large glass manufactory, which turns out a material little inferior to our own. They have a short line of railway somewhere in the interior, given by the Americans. Many of them speak Dutch, some English, and they are all anxious to learn. Everything is done by themselves; and when it is considered that it is not more than twelve or fourteen years since they made this start, it speaks highly for their intelligence, and amazes us by their advancement."

From this place the expedition sailed to Jeddo, with the steam-yacht, and cast anchor within a mile and a half of the suburbs of that city. Notwithstanding frequent and forcible remonstrances made by the authorities against the landing of Lord Elgin, he proceeded upon his mission to Jeddo, where he remained eight days, during which both himself and suite were treated with the most friendly hospitality. His visit resulted in a treaty of peace, friendship, and commerce, between Great Britain and Japan, which was ratified at Jeddo on July 11th, 1859.

In 1860 his lordship was again invested with the powers of British Plenipotentiary to China, with instructions to compel the emperor to fulfil the engagements into which he had previously entered with the British, but which he was desirous of evading. On his voyage he suffered shipwreck at Ceylon, and made a narrow escape with his life, but, getting on board another vessel, he proceeded to Hong-Kong, and thence to Shanghai. The Taku forts were attacked and taken, the Chinese taught a sharp lesson of submission, and the object of this second mission accomplished, when, in November, 1860, the allied forces evacuated Pekin.

Both in private and public life, Lord Elgin is distinguished by the possession of great patience, great forbearance and great industry. He expresses himself not only fluently, but readily, and always shows a strong desire to accommodate himself to the habits of those with whom he has to deal. May his wisdom and experience enable him to sustain with justice and humanity those

higher interests which the respect and confidence of his country have confided to his care as the Governor General of India.

## A TRIP TO NORTH DEVON.

### CHAPTER V.—THE RETURN JOURNEY.

HAVING always an insurmountable dislike to going over the same ground twice when such a repetition can be avoided, we have come to the determination, now that the term of our holiday has expired, to make our return to London by the overland route. There is no railway from Ilfracombe, but there is one from Barnstaple, which lies about a dozen miles off, and to Barnstaple (or, as it is called in this part of the world, to Barum) we accordingly book ourselves by coach. It is a fine sunny morning after a night in which the showers have fallen pretty freely, when we mount the dusty machine and set forth. Our way lies for some distance along the road, which we have traversed before in returning from Lynmouth; but it bears a new aspect in the fresh morning sunlight, and is crowded with a thousand natural beauties which want the touch of the sunbeam to call them into existence. The road, though for the most part open to the left, affording views of the town, its neighbourhood of inclosing heights, and its rocky coast, is shut in on the right by high banks, or by the steep scarped rock over which it has been terraced out. The banks are densely overhung with varied foliage, and crammed with flowers of all hues, in such profuse variety as to suggest the idea of a painter's palette covered with his brightest tints. There are floods of the dazzling yellow from the thistles, the hawk-weeds, the ground-sels, and the toad-flax; there are broad masses of lilac from the hemp-agrimony, which spreads its feathery petals over whole fathoms of the soil, and their hues are deepened by the tints of the now fading fox-glove; there are patches of bright azure blue from the sheep-s-bit, of purple from the thistle heads, of scarlet from the poppies, of white from the delicate trumpets of the bind-weed; and over all, turning and twisting among them, and linking them all together in its fragrant bands, are the wreaths of the golden honeysuckle. In numberless instances this rich and abundant flora has spread itself on the surface of the perpendicular rock, lining the route with a tapestry of inimitable beauty.

The landscape, as we travel along, is one of charming variety, the route for the first half of the way being a continuous ascent and descent of steep hills. The lands on either side are densely wooded towards the summits, while pastures and orchards occupy the slopes. We have heard, in other parts of the country, grievous complaints from the cider-makers of the dearth of apples, but no such complaints can be applicable to this district—the trees in many places being bowed down with the fruit.

After stopping for a few minutes at the half-way house—a rural wayside inn, such as Moreland often put upon his canvas—we begin to leave the hilly country behind us, and descend towards the level plain, and during this gradual descent are treated with a wide panoramic survey of the champaign country opening away to the right. In less than two hours from leaving Ilfracombe we are threading the streets of Barnstaple, which seems a thriving town, not at all wanting in the shop attractions which are supposed to be peculiar to places of much greater pretensions. On our way to the railway station we cross the wide river upon a noble bridge, below which lie a few coasting-vessels at anchor; though the Taw

above the town does not appear to be navigable, except by boats and barges.

The railway ride along the Taw Vale railway, from Barnstaple to Exeter, is one of the most pleasant and picturesque in England, and perhaps may be regarded as a triumph of engineering. The iron road winds on a level, through a valley surrounded with hills of considerable elevation, which is cultivated to the highest point, and which, from its noble timber and trim meadows, has much the appearance of park land. Skirting the bases of the hills, and dispensing with tunnels, deep cuttings or steep inclines, the rail crosses the Taw and its tributaries again and again on low level bridges, and leads through a series of pleasing landscapes, rich in all the elements of the choicest English scenery. Now and then we stop at a small market-town or village, where the farmers, who are getting in the last of the harvest and looking forward to the harvest-home in a day or two, are candid enough to tell us that they have made good average crops, and are not disposed to grumble. Here and there we take up groups of the younger men, who, having fairly housed their grain, have laid aside the sickle and donned their uniforms, and, rifles in hand, are off to some shooting-ground; as they roll along to their destination their talk is of targets and conical bullets, and short and long ranges, and of certain wonderful shots in the bull's-eye made by the famous men of their corps. These russet-faced volunteers jump out ere the train has fairly stopped at the next station, and we roll on almost alone to Exeter, where we arrive soon after the stroke of noon.

We have just a couple of hours—at least, so says the time bill—to spare at Exeter; so we walk up the hill to have a look at the old city, after an absence of more years than we care to mention. It has so much changed with time, has assumed an aspect so emulative of Regent Street and of modern Cheltenham, and is altogether so transformed in appearance, that it is not until we reach the neighbourhood of the cathedral that we succeed in identifying our ancient haunts. That time-honoured old pile, however, with its matchless front, seems unchanged through the long lapse of years; and we are glad to see that it is kept in excellent preservation, and is as much appreciated by the present citizens as it was by their forefathers. We have leisure but for a hasty survey of the exterior, (the details of which we need not inflict on the reader,) when the note of its deep-toned bell warns us to hasten back again to the iron-road, which we regain just as the up-train is rolling into the station.

Here we should take a ticket for London, and at once put a period to our rambles, were it not that certain old memories are busy within us, reminding us that within twenty miles of where we stand, and connected with that spot by the rail, lies the little town where the days of our boyhood were spent. There stands the grammar-school, where the stubborn conjugations were ground into us; there stands the meadow, where we pitched our first wicket; there runs the rippling river, where we hooked our first trout; and there, dearer than all, lies the long-forgotten grave where we shed the tears of childhood over our first friend. Those were the vanished days, when—

"Meadow, grove and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To us did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light."

We cannot recall the days, but we can revisit the spots where their glory shone; and therefore we take a ticket to the little town, and not to London. Half an hour's

## A TRIP TO NORTH DEVON.

ride lands us at a small station, where we are transferred to a train, consisting of a single carriage, drawn by a kind of toy engine, running backwards and forwards upon a single line of rails. In ten minutes more we have completed the journey, and for the first time since Waterloo was fought are standing among the scenes of our boyhood.

We find that, as regards mere outward appearances, few places have changed so little: there is no new street; and though the old houses have been modernized as to their fronts, they are of the same rambling construction within; and though the old church has been veneered with new stone, it is intrinsically the same building. But we have not spent a day in the place ere we discover that, though appearances are so much the same, it were impossible for any place to have changed more as to realities. The lands around the town, which, in our childhood, were a kind of freehold belonging to the people, may now be properly described as so many properties belonging to capitalists, to which properties the people belong. The common field, where we pitched our boyhood's wickets, is now a proprietor's park; the beautiful brawling river, where we learned to swim, and where we caught our first trout, is now a proprietor's preserve—its banks all fenced off and tabooed to the townsmen as completely as are the gardens of Buckingham Palace to the Londoners. As for our boy-friend's grave in the churchyard, we could not find it—it had been blotted out to make room for the ponderous marble mausoleum of some defunct proprietor, omnivorous even in death.

We will confess that, as we made these discoveries, one after another, our sensations were anything but pleasant. As we continued our explorations, we found that many of the old rural thoroughfares had been abolished—swept clean out of the map, so to speak: old green lanes had been ploughed up—their very traces obliterated: old pathways through corn-lands done away. The long country excursions, which it was our grandest treat to make on saints' days and holidays—those long rambles up or down the river—those joyous field-hunts to the juncketing hamlet four miles distant—those nutting expeditions in the forest—those cowslipping parties, and summer evening gipsyings in the copse: all these things are now as impracticable as the ascent of Mont Blanc to a man in a prison, simply because the routes are all fenced off and shut up. "Meadow, grove, and stream, the earth, and every common sight," are common no longer, save to those who have a "property" in them. As for those who have not, they must be content to forego the soft turf and the breezy air of the hill-top, and refresh themselves, as well as they can, on the hard flags of the pavement, or by exercise on the dusty road. If they are thirsty, why—there is the public-house or the beer-shop, and we are sorry to say that it is in these questionable conveniences alone that we note any remarkable increase.

We trust the reader will not imagine that we are making a covert attack upon the privileges of the rich and powerful. We are quite alive to the rights of property, and are aware that the laws which in this country guarantee to every man the enjoyment of his own, are the identical laws which are the safeguard of the national liberties. But while we stand on the old bridge, in the centre of the little town, and gaze up and down the picturesque stream, along whose banks we used to wander at our own sweet will, unquestioned by any one, it is with regret that we see them now fenced off and unapproachable save by the privileged few.

These considerations afford us food for some sombre reflection, as the sun sinks behind the hills, and the

rooks come cawing home, and clamour around their lofty beds before turning in for the night. We have thoroughly used up the old town by the time it has grown dark, and are glad to turn in ourselves at an early hour. The next day sees us again on the iron-road and thundering onwards in the direction of London. The bright green pastures of Devon rush away in the rear of our hot wheels; town and hamlet, country villa and snug-lying farm flit across the vision like so many flying phantoms; and in the interval between noon and sunset we are shot up to the terminus of the Great Western Railway, in London, and finish our "Trip to North Devon" in a Paddington omnibus.

## NEW COURTS OF JUSTICE AND THE SUITORS' FUNDS.

THE dispersion of the superior courts of justice, with their chambers and offices, in different parts of the metropolis, has long been felt as an evil fruitful in inconvenience to the legal profession, and in delay and expense to the suitors. The equity or chancery courts have their usual habitat in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, with occasional migrations to Westminster. The court of the Master of the Rolls is at some distance from the others in Chancery Lane. The offices belonging to these courts, fourteen in number, are scattered about unconnectedly in various localities. They are to be sought for in Chancery Lane, in Quality Court, in the Rolls Yard, in Lincoln's Inn, and in Staple Inn. Some are in rented chambers in private buildings. The Masters in Lunacy find a location in Lincoln's Inn Fields, while the Registrar in Lunacy is housed in Quality Court. At a formidable distance from the equity courts the courts of common law are conveniently enough, as regards each other, congregated in Westminster Hall; but the chambers of the judges are in the Rolls Gardens, while the offices at a great distance from the courts range from King's Bench Walk and Mitre Court Buildings in the Temple, to Serjeant's Inn and Chancery Lane. Those belonging to the Court of Exchequer are in Stone Buildings and Lincoln's Inn. Such are examples of the mode in which our courts of justice and the offices and chambers attached to them, regardless of contiguity and convenience, are scattered here and there, as if on purpose to cause unnecessary waste of time to the profession, and the utmost amount of vexatious delay in the despatch of business. To leave out of account altogether the large space over which the chambers and the different offices are spread, the evil complained of is sufficiently obvious from the fact, that the superior courts, when sitting, are to be found in eleven distinct places. Think of the distress of barristers and attorneys, whose duties frequently require them to be at different courts on the same day, and sometimes at nearly the same hour of the day, pressed for time, hurrying from court to court, and often, from the distances, unable to keep their appointments; and conceive, too, the consequent damage to the interests of suitors, upon whom the main force of the evil inevitably falls.

But to these drawbacks and daily annoyances is to be added another grievance, that of insufficient accommodation. The offices as a whole are unsuitable, and the courts are small, badly ventilated, and to a great degree destitute of necessary apartments for the judges, barristers, jurymen, and attorneys. There is, besides, no suitable sitting room for the public, or persons interested in the proceedings. Hence, pressure and commotion, unseemly and incongruous to the gravity and dignity

which should reign in places devoted to the administration of justice.

The want of proper accommodation is sometimes ludicrously illustrated when the counsel and solicitor of the plaintiff in one part of a small room are discussing their client's cause, and the counsel and solicitor of the defendant are similarly engaged, within earshot, in another part of the same room.

Two of the Vice-Chancellors' courts at Lincoln's Inn having been hastily run up to meet an emergency, are little better than sheds—uncomfortably cold in winter, and unduly hot in summer. The judges of the Probate and Divorce Court, and of the High Court of Admiralty, have no local habitation of their own, and sit by permission, the one in the Lord Chancellor's Court, and the other in the Court of the Master of the Rolls, at Westminster.

No difference of opinion is to be found in any quarter as to the urgent need of a remedy for this state of matters: and the only remedy, it is obvious, is in concentrating all the superior courts of justice, with their chambers and offices, in one building, or in one conjoining building, and adequately supplying the requisite accommodation and conveniences.

A royal commission was issued in April 1858, to three superior judges and three other eminent personages, to inquire into the important subject of the concentration of the courts, the site suitable for the purpose, and the means of attaining the object. The commissioners reported in July, 1860: when it appeared they were entirely of one mind as to the extreme desirableness of concentration; and, having to choose for a site between Westminster, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a space of ground covered with houses not of the most reputable character, south of Carey Street and north of the Strand, they gave their preference to the last mentioned locality.

A building on a scale so extensive as to meet the requirements of the case, and which, besides the boon it would confer on the practitioners of the courts, and especially on the suitors, would be also a great public improvement, cannot be erected without a very considerable outlay.

The manifold and pressing demands upon the imperial exchequer, forbidding the idea of any appropriation of the public funds, to what quarter were the commissioners to look for the means of carrying out a project so magnificent as to be ranked by the leading journal inferior only to the great drainage scheme and the embankment of the Thames? Hid from public notice among the millions of money in Chancery, they have discovered and brought to light in their report a fund as they think sufficient and befitting for the object in view. This fund Mr. Cowper, the first commissioner of works, on introducing to the House of Commons the bills designed to carry into effect the recommendations of the royal commissioners, characterized as "belonging to nobody."

The readers of "The Leisure Hour" may have a natural curiosity to know how a fund of £1,500,000—such is really its magnitude—comes to have no proper owner or claimant; and we shall therefore devote our remaining space to a brief account of the Chancery "Suitors' Funds," of which the unowned and unclaimed sum of a million and a half forms a portion. And first, it should be known, that the aggregate amount of money held by the Court of Chancery on behalf and for the benefit of its suitors, does not fall much short of fifty-three millions in cash, government stocks, and other securities. Sums of cash and stock are being continually, on the one hand, paid and transferred to the custody of the court, and on the other, repaid and retransferred to the persons en-

titled to receive them. The court is, in fact, the custodian of such property as may be involved in litigation, or of which it is the administrator. It holds, also, money committed to its care belonging to minors, until they become of age: it has the keeping of the property of lunatics, and receives trust monies from executors and trustees, who from various causes seek to be relieved of their trust. Large sums are also paid into Chancery by railway companies, either as deposits on new undertakings, or as compensation for land and buildings taken by authority of Parliament, when an agreement cannot be come to with the owner, or when he neglects or fails to make good his title. From these and other sources the fifty-three millions, more or less, of property held by the Court of Chancery is derived: and as population and wealth increase, with our complicated social relationships, that vast amount will doubtless grow to still vaster proportions.

The Accountant-General, whose offices are situated at the north end of Chancery Lane, is the financial officer of the court; in his name the funds stand at the Bank of England, and according as the court directs, he acts in all his dealings with them. When he buys stock or sells it, when he receives cash or pays it, it is always under authority. Such being then the sources, and such roughly taken the entire amount of the funds belonging to the Chancery suitors, it will be near enough the mark in round numbers to say that of the fifty-three millions, fifty is in stock, and three in cash. It is to these three millions of cash, to which we would now restrict our attention. This sum consists, in part, of money paid into court to the credit of the Accountant-General, and which the parties to whom it belongs desire to leave uninvested, or make no application for that purpose; and also, in part, of dividends which have accrued on sums of stock, and which remain undisposed of. The Accountant-General is of course liable to be called upon to pay the whole of these sums of cash, that is, the whole of the three millions; but as, practically, his payments in the ordinary operations of the business of his department do not reach on an average beyond a given amount, and as these are pretty nearly balanced by his receipts of other sums of cash, it would follow that he must always have at his credit, at the Bank of England, the enormous balance of about three millions sterling. This sum would, besides, rest unemployed, and consequently unproductive. Instead of this, however, the greater portion is actually invested, a working balance only of comparatively small amount remaining. Of this general balance of suitors' cash of about three millions, at a recent date, £2,264,744 1s. 10d. was the amount invested; and £698,247 1s. 11d. the residue uninvested. The interest accruing from the stock purchased with the above amount of cash is applied in defraying the expenses of the court, and in payment of salaries, pensions, and compensations. The Court of Chancery simply acts with the cash intrusted to its care as a banker does when he invests for his own benefit the sums lodged with him by his customers, retaining only in hand such amount as he knows will suffice to meet the ordinary demands made upon him for repayment.

The first investment of a portion of the general balance of suitors' cash was made by special Act of Parliament so early as 1739, when the accruing interest was directed to be applied to the payment of salaries to the Accountant-General and his clerks, in lieu of fees. Repeated purchases were afterwards made by special Acts, until, in 1838, an Act was passed empowering the Lord Chancellor, as the general balance increased, to

direct further investments to be made. Accordingly, from time to time, since 1838, by authority of that high functionary, large purchases of government securities have been effected, and the result is, that the aggregate amounts invested have reached the total given above. The interest produced, like a banker's profit, is so much money earned by the court. The suitors, individually, have no claim to it; all that they can claim is the exact sum paid by them into court, or accrued in the shape of dividends on stock belonging to them; and were Chancery to be wound up, and every suitor or his representative to have his own, the sums of cash taken from the general balance and invested, would only require to be sold, when all claims would be fully satisfied.

As one sum of stock was added to another by these investments, throughout the course of more than a century, the interest augmented in like proportion, until it happened that more was produced than was required to meet the salaries and other expenses to which it was applied. This surplus interest—and here we reach the fund sought to be appropriated—by an Act passed in 1768, was directed to be invested with all future surpluses, and the stock so purchased placed to a new account. The interest produced by such stock was also to be invested and placed to the same account. Thus the new fund increased at once by the addition of the surpluses, and at the ratio of compound interest by the investment of its own produce as it accrued, until it has reached the goodly sum of £1,500,000. We have traced the origin and growth so far, of the two funds, which are officially known as the "Suitors' Funds." The first, the fund created by the investment of portions of the general balance of suitors' cash—and the second, the offspring of the first, being formed by the investment of the surplus interest with accumulations. The stock of the first fund represents the suitors' cash taken to purchase it, and belongs—or rather the equivalent sum of cash—to the suitors. The stock of the second fund of one million and a-half represents profits made by the court, and, not being claimed or claimable by the suitors, it has been said to belong to nobody, and by the Royal Commissioners and the Government is held as lawful spoil, to be seized and turned to public utility in purchasing a site and in erecting the proposed New Courts of Justice.

There is yet another fund which requires to be noticed—the "Suitors' Fee Fund." On all documents used in Chancery proceedings, a fee, of greater or less amount, is paid. These fees are levied by means of stamps issued by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, who pay into court to the credit of the above fund the money received by them. From the 24th of November, 1860, to the 25th of November, 1861, there was paid by the Commissioners the sum of £69,219 12s. 6d. The taxing-masters charge fees on the taxation of costs; these, for the same period, amounted to £13,142, all of which, with considerable sums from several other sources, are carried to the "Suitors' Fee Fund." The entire income of this fund for the last official year was £153,777 5s. 1d.; and the expenditure for the same period £153,187 19s. 1d. Of the last sum, the yearly charge of £28,000 was paid as compensation to nineteen sworn clerks whose offices were abolished. Other compensations, and the salaries of whole hosts of officials, are met from this fund.\*

In 1852, the fee system, as far as concerned payment

\* For the sake of strict accuracy, it may be observed that several amounts of surplus cash have been at different times carried from the Suitors' Fee Fund and invested, the stock purchased with which forms a portion—but comparatively a small portion—of the above £1,500,000 sought to be applied in erecting new courts.

or benefit to the officers of the court, was entirely abolished—the result of which was largely to increase the demands made upon the two "Suitors' Funds," and upon the "Suitors' Fee Fund"—for all are alike applied to meet the heavy expenses of the court. Thus the three funds are practically one. Their aggregate income is somewhat over £200,000 a year; and this entire sum, save perhaps a small varying balance, is regularly absorbed by the yearly expenditure. Since 1852 there has been no surplus to invest, and no further accumulation of dividends at compound interest. If, therefore, the fund amounting to a million and a half of stock, and yielding £45,000 a year, be abstracted by the State, either to build new courts or for any other purpose, there will be a deficiency of Chancery revenue to that amount, which would of course fall to be made good out of the Consolidated Fund. In view of such a charge, it has been calculated that about £2000 would each year be saved from the demise, from time to time, of persons receiving compensation; and that thus, in a few years, the national exchequer would be freed from the burden.

There are, however, persons of eminence and learning (and with them a majority of the House of Commons appears to agree—for it has for the present rejected Mr. Cowper's Courts of Justice Money Bill) who strongly object to any portion of the so-called Suitors' Funds being diverted to purposes other than those to which, in their opinion, they are now rightfully and usefully applied; and that their proper destination is the relief of the suitors from the fees still largely levied upon them. Such authorities allege that it is the duty of the State to provide, out of its own resources, courts and offices in a convenient neighbourhood, and adequate in every way to the due administration of justice, just as it provides prisons, or houses of parliament. And whatever may be said of the Chancery fund of one million and a-half as being nobody's, it undoubtedly owes its existence to the use made of the suitors' money; and it would therefore appear that they have the best title to all the benefit in the reduction of fees which it is able to afford.

#### CHESIL BEACH.\*

THIS remarkable feature of the Dorsetshire coast, exceeding in magnitude any other formation of the kind in Europe,† connects the Isle of Portland with the mainland at Abbotsbury (a distance of 10½ miles), from which point it runs along the shore, rapidly diminishing in extent, to Burton Cliff, sixteen miles west of Portland. Its breadth at ordinary low tides was computed by Mr. Coode at 170 yards near Abbotsbury, and at Portland at 200 yards, with an average height of about 40 feet. The size of the pebbles increases in a direction from west to east, being at Abbotsbury but little larger than coarse gravel, and towards Portland from one to three inches in diameter, with occasionally some of larger dimensions. It will also be observed that the larger pebbles are flattened, as though they had been worn away by being pushed forward while the smaller ones were rounded by being rolled along the bottom. Camden, Leland, and Holingsworth say that Portland was once an island.

\* "Handbook to the Geology of Weymouth and the Island of Portland." By Robert Damon, with maps, sections, and numerous illustrations. E. Stanford. To this volume the writer of the papers on Portland, in Nos. 517, 518, was indebted for some of his statements.

† A raised mass of shingle, the largest probably in the world, is described by Darwin as extending from near the Rio Colorado to a distance of 700 nautical miles, with an average breadth of 200 miles, and a depth of 50 feet.—Darwin's "Journal of Researches," p. 171.

This could scarcely have been its condition within the historical period, though at one time it was probably separated from the mainland. The blue clay on which the shingle has accumulated, having been a reef or shallow bank, served to arrest the pebbles, which, but for this obstruction, would have been driven farther to leeward.

The Chesil Bank is an example of the sea producing a barrier to its own progress, and the destruction of one part of the coast becoming the means of protection to another portion. It effectually checks the heavy waves of the Atlantic, which would otherwise encroach on the land behind, and probably sweep away the bed of shingle on which Melcombe is built.

The Fleet, a narrow arm of the sea that separates the Chesil Beach from the mainland, is the necessary result of a bar thus thrown up, which by preventing the escape of land-springs from the shore behind, forms an inner channel, the level of which with the outer sea is preserved by the surplus water percolating into it through the shingle. Weeds, on a flat shore, are not unfrequently thrown up in the form of a ridge, leaving a lagoon or inner belt of water on the land side.

Whence is this mass of shingle derived? From the bottom of the sea-offing? Trawlers and others who dredge the West Bay report it to be singularly free from pebbles. From Portland? That would imply that they travelled not only against the prevailing winds, but also in a direction contrary to that of the waves; moreover, with the exception of some comparatively small portions of flint, the Portland beds are calcareous, while the pebbles of the Chesil Bank are siliceous. The materials forming shingle beaches, which in most instances are derived from cliffs at no very remote distance, travel in a given direction. On both sides of the channel this is from west to east, and is the result of the preponderance of westerly winds, both as regards their duration and force. If a groin or other projection is erected on the south or south-east coast, the accumulation of shingle is on the west side of such a barrier. To effect this result it is not necessary that the prevailing winds should blow in a direction parallel to the coast; any wind which strikes it, however obliquely, will exert a force tending to impel the shingle in the same direction.

Of the pebbles composing the Chesil Beach, chalk flints are the most numerous. A white semi-transparent quartz is identical with certain unrolled flints, which are found abundantly in the valleys of Abbotsbury, Chideock, and Charmouth. Others have been traced by Mr. Coode to the chalk cliffs between Lyme and Sidmouth; some, of a different character, to Budleigh-Salterton, and others to Aylesbere Hill, whence they were brought down to the coast by the river Otter. The sandstone and older rocks of Devon have supplied porphyry and various coloured jaspers. Though these data indicate the sources whence certain portions of the beach have been derived, the rate of supply from them is not sufficient to account for the formation of a deposit of such vast magnitude. The sea produces little effect on the older rocks: the chalk which furnishes the flint is of a more yielding nature; but even there the waste of cliff is comparatively inconsiderable—scarcely more than sufficient to supply flints enough to make good the loss occasioned by attrition and removal.

If causes now in operation are admitted to be inadequate, and we are to look for other agencies, the view taken by Dr. Buckland appears not improbable. He supposes that the diluvial waters which excavated the extensive valleys intersecting the coast at Abbotsbury, Chideock, Charmouth, etc., swept their materials into

the bed of the British Channel, whence they have been drifted into their present positions by the influence of the prevailing winds blowing from the south-west.

It has been noticed that the largest pebbles are towards Portland, the leeward extremity of the bank. Had the reverse been the case, possibly the fact would not have been discussed, as it might be supposed that the smallest pebbles would travel farthest, or that those which had travelled farthest, would be worn down to the smallest size. Some consider this circumstance to be due to the tidal action of the sea, others to the velocity of the waves, increasing gradually from the north-west to the south-east (the direction of the beach), and therefore that the size of the pebbles thrown up would be largest where the force of the sea was greatest. Mr. Coode is of opinion that large pebbles, from offering a larger surface to the power of the water, are more easily moved than smaller ones. Their occurrence at the summit of the bank results from the force of the advancing being greater than the retiring wave, in the same manner as on a sandy shore the heaviest substances may be observed to be thrown up the farthest, because the wave by which they were lodged, in consequence of being dispersed or divided into spray, returns to the sea with diminished force. The position of the shingle lying within reach of the waves, undergoes considerable modification according to the direction and force of the sea, the motion thus imparted to the shingle being either a destructive, an accumulative, or a progressive action. As an illustration, Mr. Palmer watched at Dover, during a gale of wind, the rate of succession which exhibited the destructive and accumulative action in their smallest degree, and observed, that when ten breakers arrived in one minute, the destructive action was but just evinced, and that when only eight breakers arrived in the same period, the pebbles began to accumulate; which harmonized with other observations he made elsewhere. Mr. Coode considers "seven or any less number of waves per minute as inducing the destructive action, and nine or any greater number in the same time the accumulative action."

The many curious relics that have at various times been here thrown up from the sea, invest the Chesil Beach with an antiquarian interest. Coins of gold, silver, and copper, both of ancient and modern date, are of frequent occurrence. Of the former, those of the Roman Empire are the most numerous, especially the "third brasses" of Constantine. The occasion of their being found is only after a continuance of ground-seas, when the waves, receding in rapid succession, produce a downward current, scouring away the shingle and exposing the blue clay (Kimeridge) beneath. During the prevalence of a ground-swell there is but little wind, and the waves approach the shore at, or nearly at, right angles. The most remarkable ground-sea that has occurred of late years, happened in 1841, and continued for several days, during which the shore was, for miles, thronged with persons searching the clay left bare by the recoiling waves, and quantities of coins were then collected. Besides coins there have on such occasions been found antique rings and seals, silver, and even gold ingots, with other relics which have survived the destruction of vessels wrecked on the beach of this much-dreaded bay, and offering melancholy and singular evidence that the mariners of ancient as well as modern nations have here alike found a watery grave. A winter rarely passes without the Chesil Beach being the scene of some disaster.

A change of wind or turn of tide restores the shingle to its place, and covers up again this storehouse.

## Varieties.

**TRANSLATION OF LAURA BASSI'S VERSES.**—“Messer Christoforo, who shewed us the Specula at Bologna, and made his short but pathetic eulogium on the lamented Dottoressa, pointed with his finger (I believe he could not speak) to her much admired and well-known verses on the gate:—

‘Si tibi pulchra domus, si splendida mensa,—quid inde?  
 Si species aurii, argenti quoque massa,—quid inde?  
 Si tibi sponsa decens, si sit generosa,—quid inde?  
 Si tibi sunt nati; si prasda magna,—quid inde?  
 Si fueris pulcher fortis, divese,—quid inde?  
 Si doceas alios in qualibet arte;—quid inde?  
 Si longius servorum inservias ordo;—quid inde?  
 Si faveat mundus, si prospera cuncta;—quid inde?  
 Si prior, aut abbas, si dux, si papa,—quid inde?  
 Si felix annos regnes per mille,—quid inde?  
 Si rota Fortune se tollit ad astram,—quidinde?  
 Tam cito, tamque cito fugiunt haec ut nihil,—inde.  
 Sola manet Virtus; nos glorificabimur,—inde.  
 Ergo De pare, bene nam tibi provenit—inde.’

“ I brought them home, and tried to translate them.

*“ Translation or Imitation of Laura Bassi's Verses.*

“The mansion splendid, and thy service plate,  
 Thy coffers filled with gold,—well! what of that?  
 Thy spouse the envy of all other men,  
 Thy children beautiful and rich,—what then?  
 Vig'rous thy youth, unmortgag'd thy estate,  
 Of arts the unplauded teacher; what of that?  
 Troops of acquaintance, and of slaves a train,  
 This world's prosperity complete,—what then?  
 Prince, pope, or emperor thy smiling fate,  
 With a long life's enjoyment,—what of that?  
 By Fortune's wheel toss high beyond our ken,  
 Too soon shall following Time cry—Well! what then?  
 Virtue alone remains; on Virtue wait,  
 All else I sweep away; but what of that?  
 Trust God, and Time defy: eternal is your date.”

—*Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi.*

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND KNOWLEDGE OF RELIGION.**—In the attempt to give religious education, they had often forgotten that it was something quite different from the acquisition of knowledge on religious subjects. The young man who failed in distinguishing himself in the examinations might be the most religious, the most worthy of praise, the one who would turn out the most useful member of society. Therefore, they were not to be led away to suppose that if they had an examination on religious subjects they were thereby establishing a system of religious education. They must go beyond anything that could be tested by examination, into the daily discipline of the school, into the spirit of the lives led by the masters and the pupils, before they could say whether a religious education was given in any school or not. But, although they were to bear in mind that the knowledge of religious subjects was not religion, yet they were not therefore to suppose that it was unimportant. There was scarcely to be found a man well acquainted with other subjects who would not consider himself disgraced if he were found ignorant of the highest matter of life, and of the matters which stretched beyond life. Therefore, there could be no good education without the knowledge of the subjects of religion, just as there could be no real education which was not based on the religious training of the whole habits.—*The Bishop of London.*

**BERMUDA.**—An officer of the Royal Engineers sends the following notes on the building stone of the islands:—“The growing importance of Bermuda as a naval dépôt, a military station, and harbour of refuge, has been within the last two years much recognised, while its solitary position and distance (750 miles) from Halifax and New York have earned for it the title of a well-placed sentinel over our North American and West Indian possessions. Its building stone may be divided into two classes—‘the hard’ and ‘the soft.’ The ‘hard’ is of two kinds, only met with at Ireland and St. David’s Islands. The first is a hard, compact limestone, generally white, or tinted with a reddish hue, owing to the presence, in small quantities, of per-oxide of iron. Its weight is 157 lbs. per cubic foot. Although difficult to work, this stone is very durable, and is much used for government buildings. It is also suitable for ashlar work and paving. The other ‘hard stone’ resembles Parian marble in texture and colour, and will receive a fine

polish. It is chiefly worked into chimney-pieces and baize. The ‘soft stone’ is divided into the ‘medium’ and ‘soft’ (proper). The medium is a calcareous sandstone, the particles being held closely together by carbonate of lime. It weighs about 110 lbs. per cubic foot. It can be readily cut with a saw, is very durable, and not easily injured by the weather. The ‘soft’ (proper) is very abundant: it is closely allied in appearance and formation to the medium. It only weighs 100 lbs. per cubic foot, and is extremely easy to work. The houses are frequently roofed with it, the slabs being cut 18 inches × 12 inches, and 1 inch thick. English slates are preferable, as the stone is friable, and absorbs very large quantities of water, subjecting the roof to sudden and heavy strains. Frequent whitewashing partly remedies its porous nature. Both the hard and soft stone make excellent lime, but the sand of the island being calcareous and very fine-grained, containing but little silex, the lime which the hard stone forms is too strong for mixing in mortar; that produced from soft stone is generally preferred. Although some of the houses are wooden, the majority are built of soft stone; such, however, is its compressible nature, that it is considered unsafe to place the roof upon the walls until they have been allowed ‘to settle.’”

**THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.**—The following are the words (by the Poet Laureate) sung to Professor Bennett's music at the opening of the International Exhibition:—

Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,  
 In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,  
 And praise th' invisible universal Lord,  
 Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,  
 Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpoured  
 Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

Oh, silent father of our Kings to be,  
 Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,  
 For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,  
 And, lo! the long laborious miles  
 Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,  
 Rich in model and design;  
 Harvest-tool and husbandry,  
 Loom and wheel and enginery,  
 Secrets of the sultry mine,  
 Steel and gold, and corn and wine,  
 Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,  
 Sunny tokens of the Line,  
 Polar marvels, and a feast  
 Of wonder, out of West and East,  
 And shapes and hues of Art Divine!  
 All of beauty, all of use,  
 That one fair planet can produce,  
 Brought from under every star,  
 Blown from over every main,  
 And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,  
 The works of peace with works of war.

Oh ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,  
 From growing commerce loose her latest chain,  
 And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly  
 To happy heavens under all the sky,  
 And mix the seasons and the golden hours,  
 Till each man finds his own in all men's good,  
 And all men work in noble brotherhood,  
 Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,  
 And ruling by obeying nature's powers,  
 And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with  
 all her flowers.

**SONNET BY DEAN TRENCH.**—

Sweet, and yet sad, those thousand voices rang,  
 Winding and travelling through the long defiles  
 Of courts and galleries and far-reaching aisles:  
 And bright the banners from proud arches sprung:  
 But not the less their drooping folds among  
 Lurk'd a dim hoard of grief; for over all  
 Chastening, not marring, our high festival,  
 The shadow of an absent Greatness hung—  
 Absent, but yet in absence present more,  
 For all we owe to him, and might have owed,  
 For the rich gifts, which, missing, we deplore,  
 Than if he were rejoicing at this hour—  
 We with him—that the seed his wisdom sowed  
 Had blossomed in this bright consummate flower.

May 1st, 1862.